After my last boyfriend, I completely gave up on boys all together. I told my mother that I never wanted to be in another relationship ever again and that I would never get married. She always told me that it wouldn’t be true and that my feelings would change eventually. I never believed her, as far as I was concerned love was not a real thing. It was an idea that people had in their heads just to make themselves feel better. I never got along with a boyfriend, anytime I had one, we’d constantly fight. So therefor to me love was a myth. Months later I started talking to this boy that I known since eighth grade, even dated back then, a boy that I hated for the past three to four years. This boy and I always had our issues and arguments in class, we would yell at each other and say nasty things. Last May I found out that he secretly liked me, which changed my feelings on him completely. We started hanging out a lot, then towards the end of June we started dating again. I never met a boy like him ever, he is the sweetest guy ever and the best thing that has ever happened to me. Since then we do everything together, it doesn’t even feel right going out without each other. We barely ever argue, he makes me smile and laugh more than any guy ever has before. So although I didn’t believe in love and all that mushy stuff then, he managed to change my feelings on it all. I hate to say it, but my mother was right, as always.